# Aunt Dorothy's Corner

We want all of you to read and study carefully the following about our new contest . Write to us and tell us what you

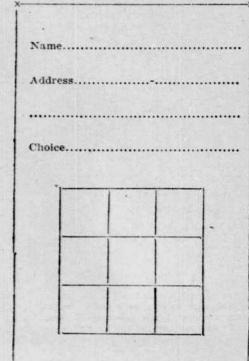
THE FIRST "MAGIC FIVES" PRIZE CONTEST.

Making "magic squares" is lots of fun and has been the most fascinating mathematical puzzle for over a thousand years, but it has never until last month been made into a puzzle for all of us. In January it was published in the shape of a neat box with twenty-five wooden bocks and the inwith twenty-live wooden bocks. You can make with it the Magic Fives. You can make with it the Magic Three Square, Magic Four Square and Magic Five Square. A magic square is a series of numbers arranged in a square so that the numbers in each row from side to side, from top to bottom and from corner to corner will add

to the same sum.

The Magic Three Square is the smallest square that can be made magic. It consists of the numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 arranged in a square three each way, and we offer as a prize for the neatest cor-rectly solved magic square of three either a paint box, a book, a set of pictures to paint or a "Magic Fives Puzzle."

All answers must be on the blank below, and remember that all eight rows of the figures must add up alike, the three rows from side to side, the three rows from top to bottom and the two from corner to corner). Address all answers to Puzzle Editor, Washington Evening Star, Washington,



## Yours cordially, THE CHILDREN' EDITOR.

Letters have been received from Earle W. Gardner, who sends us an interesting story; Annie R. Fuss, who made a pretty sketch; Edna Hall Smith, whose story will be published; Florence M. Kidwell, who wrote the story "Little Mary;" Lucinda Hoskinson, who sent a drawing of her horse; Levinia Johnson, whose Santa Claus story came after Santa Claus had gone; Dorothy Scot\*, who is ten years old and writes a good let-ter; Marshall Darly, who is eight years old and likes horses; C. Hodgson, who has drawn a lady; Ernest S. Conard, who sent drawn a lady; Ernest S. Conard, who sent us a drawing of leaves; Lauri S. sends a note and a drawing of her little sister; Donald Ripley, who is seven years old; Dorothy E. MacElwee, who wants to join the club; Edith M. Miller, who sends us a story; Alice Lynch, who sends a drawing of Buster Brown; Ethel M. Fuss, who sends a very good drawing; Arthur E. Birkle, who had a drawing printed; Louise Fuller, who sends a drawing of a girl. who sends a drawing of a girl.

My little sister drew the picture of the

setting of the sun, and she asked me to write a note so she could send the picture. She is only seven years of age and is in the first grade. She can draw very well. Her name is Greeta S. I drew a picture of a little girl, but I guess it was not good enough to print and it was in pencil. If thank you very much for the publication of the story "Little Mary," in The Star of Saturday a week ago.

Inclosed you will find a fairy tale of my

Your note was written very nicely .- Ed. Dear Aunt Dorothy:

I thank you ever so much for using my letter. I forgot to send my self-addressed envelope, so here it is. I will now tell you a little story: Once there was a little hear that lived upon a high mountain with its mamma and



GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

was going out to get something to eat. She told the little bears to be good and she would bring them something nice. So she went to a farmer's and got a nice little fat pig, but as she started back who should she see but one of her little pigs who had followed her. So she put down the little pig and spanked the little bear all the way home and put him right to hed. Then she home and put him right to bed. Then she went to get the little pig, but it had gone home. Then she went to a place where some men were cutting wood and they gave her a loaf of bread, but the bad little bear did not get as large a piece as the good one.

Your little friend, MARION S.

Write to us again, dear.

Dear Aunt Dorothy:

Dear Aunt Dorothy:

The other day I wrote a story called "Bobby's Encounter With Santa Claus," and thinking you might like it and put it in the children's page, I sent it in. My nephew wrote you a letter some time ago, but it wasn't printed, so I guess it made its way into the waste basket. I succerely hope my story will be printed soon. I remain your loving friend.

P. S.—I will write again.

The story is interesting, Edith. It is late, now, but perhaps it will be published.—Ed.

Dear Aunt Dorothy:

I was very glad to see my poem on the children's page. I saw you said to write if you did not get a badge, and I didn't get Please tell me how I can get in "Little Red Riding Hood." I am sending you a poem. I hope it will

get a prize. Yours truly, STIRLING W. The poem is very nice and most patriotic. Your badge is on its way. Mrs. Glover will tell you about "Red Riding Hood."—Ed.

Dear Aunt Dorothy:

I herewith inclose a drawing, which I drew from memory. I have tried many times to get a prize and once I did get my name in for an artist's outfit, but I never received one. Hoping that I may succeed I will close. Yours sincerely, IRMA FRANCES B., Age 12 Years.

Your drawing from memory is very good, but send something of an original subject, Irma.—Ed.

Dear Aunt Dorothy: I read the children's page in The Star and like it very much. I wrote a story, which I will send to you and hope it will be put into The Star next Saturday. truly.

We are glad you like the page, also to receive the story, for which Aunt Dorothy sends thanks.-Ed.

Dear Aunt Dorothy: I am an entire stranger to The Star. I often want to try to draw a picture for the children's page. I see so many other drawchildren's page. I see so many other drawings. I have here drawn a picture of a cunning little girl wishing to please you I don't expect a prize from you. I think she looks s cunning, with her head to the side. I guess I will stop now. Yours truly,

CAMILLE H., Age 11 Years.

P. S.—I hope this letter and picture will be in the page soon. I will also send another picture besides that one.

Thanks, dear, from Aunt Dorothy.

street northwest. I hope I will win a prize. MARGARET L.

Draw some flower or leaf from nature Margaret, don't copy.-Ed.

Dear Aunt Dorothy: Having seen drawings in your page for children by boys and girls who are inter-ested in art I have undertaken to draw two pictures for next Saturday's edition. I hope they will please you, as I have never be-fore sent anything of the kind to you and of course do not expect a favorable criti-cism the first time. Hoping to see one of them in print, I remain sincerely your WM. B. L., Age 14 Years. nephew,

The Indian is excellent .- Ed.

Dear Aunt Dorothy: I have just drawn a picture for the chil-

dren's page. Yours truly, HATTIE R., Age 8 Years. You do well, for so young a girl.-Ed

Dear Aunt Dorothy:

Although it did not take me very long to draw this head. I have sent it with the expectation of having it published. Your friend.

AMIE R. F. AMIE R. F.

The illustration is very good .- Ed.

hope I can get a prize, or, at least, have my story printed. I am fourteen years old and joined the league some time ago. Yours truly, EDNA HALL S.

We hope to publish your story, Edna, when there is room .- Ed.

Inclosed you will find a fairy tale of my

own composition. Hoping my story will meet with approval, I remain your true friend. FLORENCE M. K., Age 12 Years.

Your fairy story is interesting, but you write on both sides of the paper, which you should not do .- Ed.

Dear Aunt Dorothy: I am a constant reader of the children's page in The Evening Star and I have tried to make a drawing, entitled "My Pet." Hoping this will please you, I remain yours

LUCINDA H. Your pet must be a fine animal. -Ed Dear Aunt Dorothy:

I was very much surprised to see my ict-ter in the children's page of The Evening Star. I have sent a story called "Waiting for Santa Claus." Hoping to see this in for Santa Claus.

print, I remain yours sincerely.

LEVENIA J.

The Santa Claus story is too late, now,-

Dear Aunt Dorothy: As I have not done unviling for The Star, I thought 4 would draw a dog. I read The Star most every Saturity evening. I hope I will be able to write a story some

time soon. Yours truly,

DOROTHY S., Age 10 Years.

Try to write an original story some time.—
Ed.

I have seen some of the drawings of the children's page, and I would like to send you one of mine. I am a little boy eight years old and go to Franklin school. Yours MARSHALL D.

You do very well.-Ed.

Dear Aunt Dorothy: Dear Aunt Dorothy:

I will send you this drawing of a lady. I drew it myself. I would like very much to win a prize. I am a member of the Helping Hand Sunshine Circle. Hoping very much to win a prize, I remain your little friend.

CLIFTON H., Age 12.

The drawing is very good .- Ed.

I have been reading the children's page and like it very much. I hope you had a merry Christmas. for we did. I got some very pretty things, and I hope you got many things. I would love to join your

Star this week. Yours lovingly,
DOROTHY E. M., Aged 9 Years.

We would like to have you join the club.

Dear Aunt Dorothy:

I see by the paper that you are still sick, but hope you will soon be well.

I have a set of puzzles and a drawing that I wish to send to you and hope you will have them printed in the children's page. Yours truly, ERNEST S. C.

The honeysuckle leaves are excellent-Ed.

LETTER BOX Dear Aunt Dorothy:
I have drawn a little picture to be put in this Saturday's Star. From

Dear Aunt Dorothy: I am one of the readers of the children's page. Two months ago I sent a letter with a stamped addressed envelope, but I never heard from it. I would like a badge. My mother took me and some friends to see "Little Red Riding Hood." I liked "Little Red Riding Hood" very much.
DONALD R., Aged 7 Years.

A very nice letter, little Donald; write again. Will send you a badge.—[Ed.]

Dear Aunt Dorothy:

I thank you so much for publishing my drawing called "A Christmas Shopper." I like to draw very much and will send you some more later on. I am very much pleased with the children's page and look anxiously for The Saturday Evening Star. Yours truly,

ARTHUR E. B. Dear Aunt Dorothy:

Keep on working, Arthur, if you like to draw.-[Ed.]

Dear Aunt Dorothy: Dear Aunt Dorothy:
As I have taken a great interest in the children's page in The Saturday Evening Star I have now decided to send this little drawing, hoping it will be published soon. From your unknow friend, ETHEL M. F.

The drawing is good; try again .- [Ed.]



It was just dusk as Laura Welton started for home from her friend's house. She wanted to get home-soon, so she thought she would cut through the woods. She shivered as she looked at the dark shadowy trees, and drew her cape closer about her. When she was in the middle of the woods, she looked to one side and to her terror she saw a white animal stretched upon the ground with its eyes fixed upon her. She gave a scream and ran as she never ran before. She came to the edge of Dear Editor:

This little tobacco plant I drew from a picture in my geography. It is exactly like the picture. I am only thirteen years old the picture. I am only thirteen years old before a steep hill, which she never dared before a steep hill, which she never dared hill and didn't see that anybody stood at the foot. She ran right into the person and the person picked her up in his arms.
"Why, Laura," he said, "what is the matter?" "Oh, Uncle Jack," she panted, "a panther." Uncle Jack smiled as he looked up and saw a dusty little beast trudging toward them. "Why, he laughed, "that's your little dog, Topsy." your little dog, Topsy."
EDITH M. M., Aged 13 Years.

> DOGS. I am very fond of dogs. Are you? They are very useful. In different countries they are put to different uses. The dog is the next nearest pet to the horse. He is also next useful to the horse. There are many different kinds of dogs. The most common kind is the housedog, which is of no particular breed. His noisy bark keeps tramps and would-be sneak thieves away from the and would be shear the hight when the folks are asleep and by day when they are away from home. He is a kind of sleeping dog.

from home. He is a kind of sleeping dog.

The mastiff is a fine watchdog. The people of some countries use him to hunt lions, tigers and other fierce animals. After that there is the faithful shepherd dog. He watches the flock of sheep during the day and drives the sheep into the fold at night. It seems as if he can count the number of these in the flock that he is watching. sheep in the flock that he is watching When the sheep pass into the fold the faith Dear Editor:

I enclose a story for the children's page in competition for the prize which is to be given on February 5. I we'te it by myself without help from anyone, and paper copied it on the typewriter for me. He says that he "followed copy strictly." I hope I can get a prize, or, at least home. the sheep during the day.

The Newfoundland dog is a noble and

proud creature. He originated from the island of that name. In some countries the Newfoundland dogs are used in place of horses. These dogs are harnessed to little carts in which they haul the farmers' produce to the market on market day. This is

Germany the man sits in the cart smoking his long pipe or sleeping, while his wife or daughter, if he has any old enough, drives the dogs. They have long whips with which they drive the dogs. The dogs need little driving, as they are born to this kind of life. They seem to think that it is their duty to pull their masters to and from

They give little attention to what they see on the streets Other curs and common dogs, who may be thin, unfed, snappy and dogs, who may be thin, unfed, snappy and homeless, would run after another dog or cat. They very often bark at the Newfoundland dog, but the Newfoundland does not take notice. These dogs are very brave and fearless. They will try to save the lives of their masters at the expense of their own these. They are excellent swimmers. Some of their masters at the expense of their own lives. They are excellent swimmers. Some of these dogs have already been known to save the lives of men or other dogs by jumping down in the water, even without their master's command. The St. Bernard dog originated on Mount St. Bernard, in Switzerland. It is very faithful to its master.

JACK ROBINSON, (President of the Golden Eagles).—Young Folks' Herald.

MY CAT HOP.

One day I came home from school I was thinking of how I would like to have a cat. As I came along brooding in this way I sud-



Drawn by Frank H., Aged 12 Years.

denly found myself at my nwn door. What do you think I saw?

Why, there sitting on by porch was the dearest little kitten you yer saw. It was of the purest white. It neowed most p'tifully and looked up in my face with both its lovely blue eyes. I almost cried and begged mamma to keep it. Mamma does not like cats, neither does my brother Tom.

Tom always told me Hep was a witch, and they often came about leeking like cats, but I would not believe him. One day I brought Hop to school with me, and hateful Jane Biggs had to tell on med. Miss Lane, my teacher, told me to put it out, but I cried so she told me to put it in the closet where she kept books. This I did. And at noon I found him rolled up in a fail.

The next day I went to my grandma's. When I came home I said "Where's Hop?" Nobody answered. And I looked at Tom, but he did not look at me, I began to cry. Tom told me he wanted to see if Hop was a witch, and Charles Biggs told him the only way he could find out was to tie a tin can on his tail and let the dog go after him. This they did, and they let the Biggs dog after him, and they ran him to death. My poor Hop! Papa tells me I can get another cat, but I think I never can. I could tie a tin can on his dog's tail, but I would not. I think I can forgive him some time. I hope I can. I shall never forget my dear beloved Hop.

CLEMENTINA.

### Junior Christian Endeavor. Topic for February 21-"How the Chinese

Live" (a missionary meeting)-Rom. x:14-15. Dear Juniors: If you could pay a visit to a Chinese vil-

lage or town, and peep into some of the homes to be found there, I am sure you live in a Christian land.

We are told that if all the people in the world were to march in single file every four h person would be a Chinese. It is thought that there are about four hundred millions of Chinese in the empire, a number so great as that we can form no idea of it. These people live in queer little houses built of wood, stone, unburnt brick or adobe. They are roofed with tiles, thatch or earth, and many of them have only earth floors. Very few of them have glass windows, but instead of glass they use paper pasted over lattice work.

Their ordinary food is rice, salt fish and vegetables, and in north China they have also sweet potatoes, wheat and Indian corn. They rarely ever eat meat, because they believe in the passing of a soul from one body to another, and they are afraid to kill an animal, as they might destroy some soul that has come to live in it.

They have some customs that seem very queer to us. For example, instead of shaking a friend's hand, a Chinaman shakes his own. Instead of wearing black as a sign of mourning they always wear white, and they cover the head as a mark of respect, instead of uncovering it, as we do. The parents of Chinese boys and girls select the husbands and wives for their children, who

husbands and wives for their children, who are very likely never to see each other until their wedding day.

When a boy baby is born in China there is great rejoicing, and the baby receives many presents. When he is a few weeks old there is a feast in his honor, if his parent discount of the control of th ents can afford it, and there is a great dis-play of fireworks, which are believed to frighten away evil spirits.

But the poor little girl babies are never

But the poor little girl babies are never welcome, and they grow up without education, and with very few pleasures. It is said that not one Chinese woman in ten thousand knows how to read. When a little Chinese girl is five or six years old her feet are tightly bound, and the bandage is tightened from time to time, until the toes are drawn under. A Chinese woman's foot is usually only four or five inches long, and sometimes they are much shorter. It is considered a disgrace for her to have big feet. Of course, these little girls suffer terribly while their feet are bound in this way, and they are not able to run about and play as their brothers do. Altogether it is

way, and they are not able to run about and play as their brothers do. Altogether it is a very sad thing to be a girl in China.

Ido! temples and idol shrines are to be found everywhere in China, and this explains everything that is unhappy about the lives of the Chinese people. In almost every house there are at least two idol shrines, and a much larger number are to be found in most of them. There are many missionaries now in China who are teaching. people about the true God, and some of them have listened, and believed, and de-stroyed their idols. But China will never become a Christian land until all the tians of other lands unite in sending the gospel there. In this work the Juniors have a part, and we must all work and pray and give, that the time may come when there will be no idols and no worship of false gods in all that great empire. Yours for the Juniors.

EDITH V. BRADT...

"Let us cultivate charity in judging; let us seek to draw out latent good in others, rather than to discover hidden evil."—William George Jordan.

THE CHILDREN'S LEAGUE. They Are Made Happy Through

Thought for Each Other. MEMBERSHIP COUPON.

e Equitable Trust Co., 15 Nassau st New York, is the Central Depository for The Permanent Emergency Fund.

No dues, no salaried officials. All help goes direct on call from the president, through the press and other avenues that are open for this work. Further information given on application to the editor of this page.

PLEDGE. PLEDGE.

I promise to try every day to add happiness to some one's life by being kind.

I promise to try to earn each month a penny, a postage stamp, a nickel, a dime or larger sums, and hold them subject to the order of the president, in her discretion.

I promise to write to my president once a month and tell her what I am doing to help others and what I can do to help her help others.

I promise to help the Children's League

others.

I promise to belp the Children's League give to those who cannot otherwise get them such books as are selected by my president and printed on our list.

Please enroll my name and send my badge in inclosed stamped and self-addressed envelope.

Age of Applicant, if under 20...... (Adults may join.)

INSTRUCTIONS.

1. The Equitable Trust to, of 15 Nassau st., New York, will hold permanently the Emergency Fund that is being gathered by the league and its friends.

2. Get a few active members and form a circle.

3. Meet once in two weeks.

4. Give your circle a fifth name, as, for instance, the Children's Legge, or the C. L. Helping Hand Circle. Always use the C. L. with the name INSTRUCTIONS

3. Meet once in two weekers.

4. Give your circle a fifth name, as, for instance, the Children's Legge, by the C. L. Helping Hand Circle. Always use the C. L. with the name you decide unon, in order to keep in close touch with the central movement.

5. Elect a president, a secretary and a treasurer and a librarian.

6. Make your own rules, in harmony with the pledge you send your president.

7. Send a monthly report of all you do to Aunt borothy, with names, age and address of each member written on the coupon on this page.

8. The l'ermanent Emergency Fund is to be held for quick relief in great emergencies, and will be sabject to the order of the president, when such emergency arises, at her discretion, by request of the officers of any or all Children's League Circles or of committees of individual members of the league. Write to Aunt Protothy to find out how to get a bank to hold small amounts for the permanent fund.

9. Keep a separate fund for local work. We will tell you from time to time, in haswer to your letters, where and how you can find neighborhood opportunities for pleasant local work.

10. All members should join in our contests and win our gifts, as this is our means for trying to make you happy in return for your kind effort for others, and, through which we are helping you grayour own library and recreation centers. You must watch this page to learn how we are doing this.

11. Adults may join our league if they will work with us The league has thousands of members, adults and children, all over the world.

12. Use part of your fund to buy a book once a month for your circle library, and select your books from the lists we publish.

13. E7 Address all letters to Aunt Dorothy, Box 205. Washington, D. C.

14. Individual workers also may join by sending a coupon and stamped and self-addressed envelope to Aunt Dorothy or to the editor of this page.

MEMBERSHIP. Twenty-five applications this week have been forwarded to the badge editor, Alice O'Connor, 138 West 96th street, New York city, and badges



Drawn by Edythe G. M., age 13 years.

# The Story of Washington.

WASHINGTON AS A BOY.

Laurence was a soldier, and he told would be more than ever grateful that you a soldier too. But Laurence said: "You a man."

> want to be a soldier right now." "Fall in! Fall in!" The the boys would run and get in line.

Then the boys would run and get in line.

Sometimes they would have a battle. One side had cornstalks and the other side had broomsticks for guns. George was the best captain and his side always won. One day George's father gave him a new

One day George's father gave him a new hatchet. It had a pretty red handle. George was very proud of his new hatchet. He went around cutting everything. He said he wanted to see how sharp it was. By and by, he came to the orchard. His father had a fine young cherry tree there. George saw the tree, and said: "I wonder if my hatchet can cut this tree?"

He looked and looked at the tree. Then he felt the edge of the hatchet. He shook his head and said: "No; I guess it isn't sharp enough."

sharp enough.'

have it He tried to set it up again, but it would not stay. So he picked up his hatchet, and went to After a while his father went out to look at his cherry tree. He saw it lying on the

So he called: "George! George! Come here." George came, and his father said: "Look

George came, and his father said: "Look at my cherry tree. It is dead. Do you know who cut it?"

"I did," said George.

"Why did you do it?" said his father.

"I was trying my new hatchet. I wanted to see how sharp it was. I didn't think it would hurt the tree."

"Well." said his father. "It was a fine tree. I am sorry to lose it, but I am glad my boy has told me the truth."

When George was eleven years old his father died. His mother took care of the farm. She had a very fine colt.

One morning, George and Laurence went

went proudly up to the door. "I want to go in," he said to the man at the cntrance,

Laurence said: "No, don't you do it. You But George would not listen, and said: 'Go on, boys: I am not afraid." "Go on, boys: I am not afraid."
So they chased the colt up into a corner.
They threw the bridle over his head. Then
George jumped upon his back. The poor
colt was so frightened. No one had ever
been upon it before. It ran and jumped and
kicked. It tried and tried to throw George off, but he held on very tight. Then it gave a big jump and fell down. The boys tried

to get it up, but the colt was dead. It had broken a blood vessel.

Poor George said: "I am so sorry. But I will go and tell my mother."

The boys went home. George and Laurence went to the house. Their mother said: "Well, boys, I saw you in the field. How is the colt this morning?"

"It is dead," said George.

"Dead!" said his mother. "Who killed it?" to get it up, but the colt was dead. It had

IN THE WOODS.

Then he went to see his brother.

One day George threw a stone clear across the river. He was the only boy who could throw so far.

By and by he went to survey some land.

George and the man worked hard all day.

They measured the land with a long chain.

At night they didn't know what to do.

They had no place to sleep. There wasn't a house in the woods. so they built a big fire. Then they made a bed of leaves. One night the leaves caught fire. George was fast asleep, but the man woke up.

He jumped up and called: "George! George! Get up. You'll burn up!"
But George did not move.
Then the man shook him.

George got up, and they put out the fire. They had a good laugh about it. Then they went back to bed. They shot bird, and deer for food. They put the meat on a stick, and cooked it over

"Yes we have." said the man.

So they sat down before the fire. George gave them something to eat.

Then the chief said: "We will dance for the white men."
First they made a drum. They took a por

that was half full of water. Then they put

PICTURE OF THE ELK I SAW IN MAINE.



When George Washington was a little boy, he lived in Virginia. His home was near the Potomac river. George had a big brother named Laurence.

George fine stories. George wanted to be are too small. You must wait until you are George did not like that. He said: "I

So he played with the boys at school. At recess, he would get his sword and call:

They would march up and down the road. Then the boys would run and get in line. | ginia.

But he thought he would try it anyway.

At the first blow, the tree fell down.

Now, poor George felt very sorry. He did
not know what to do.

ground. He said: "What is the matter with my tree? Some one must have cut it. I will ask George about it."

One morning, George and Laurence went into the field to see the colt. Some other

George went to school until he was six-

Laurence had a pretty home. It was on the bank of the Potomac river. He called it Mount Vernon.

He took one man with him. This land was away out in the woods. George had to ride over rough roads and climb steep hills. Some of the streams were so deep that his horse had to swim across.

George opened his eyes, and said: "What do you want?"
"Get up quick," said the man; "the bed

The first day the man said: "Dinner is ready. Please hand me the plates."
"Plates!" said George. "You know we haven't any."

"Yes we have." said the man.

"Where are they?" said George.

"See that tree. Well. take this ax and cut some chips. They will do for plates."

"They will be fine." said George, "and we won't have to wash them."

One day a band of Indians came along.
They said: "How do you do, white men?
Do you live here?"

"Yes," said George; "sit down and stay a while."

that was half full of water. Then they put, a skin over it.

One of them drummed, and the others danced around and around. Then they yelled and shot their arrows.

George though they were very strange. They were the first Indians he ever saw.

He talked with them a long time. They



showed him how they fought in war. They hid behind trees and rocks, and shot with their bows and arrows.

George lived in the woods for three years. Then he went back to his home at Mount Vernon. FIGHTING THE FRENCH AND INDIANS The French people lived in one part of America; the English people lived in an-

other part. They both wanted the land lying along the Ohio river. The Indians wanted this land, too. They said: "The land is ours. We were here The French people said: You help us.

We are your friends." "What will you do?" said the Indians. "We will drive the English away. Then all the land will be ours." said the French.

"That is a good plan," said the Indians, "and we will all help you."
So the French built a fort on the Ohio

This made the English very angry. They said: "That is our land. The French have no right there. Let us fight."

The governor of the English said: "No; not yet. I will tell them they must go away." "They won't go," said the people.
"Then we will fight them," said the gov-

ernor.

So he sent for George Washington. He said to him: "Some French people are on our land. Will you go to see them for me?"

"Yes," said Washington. "What shall I The governor said: "Tell them the land

The governor said: "Tell them the land is ours. They must go away, or we will fight them."

The next day Washington set out for the fort. He took one white man and some friendly Indians with him.

He dressed himself like an Indian. They all carried guns,

When they got to the fort, the French people said: "No; we will not give up this land."

"Rut it is over " said Westlerten."

land."
"But it is ours." said Washington.
They said: "We have come here to stay.
If the English people do not like it, they
will have to fight."
Then Washington started back for Vir-

hurt him.

After that, Washington and the white man left the Indian. They went on by themselves.

By and by, they came to a river. It was full of big blocks of ice.

They made a raft and pushed it along with poles. Washington's pole slipped, and he fell into the water. He had to swim to the shore.

he fell into the water. He had to swim to the shore.

The man said: "Let us stay here tonight.
I will make a fire. Then you can get dry."
But the wood was too wet to burn. So they went on. They walked all night. By and by, they came to Virginia. Wash-ington told the governor what the Frenchmen said.

The governor said: "All right; we will fight them. The land is ours and we will have it"

## OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

(To be concluded next Saturday.)

Wimbletot at the World's Fair. Wimbletot had made up his mind to go to the world's fair. It seemed to him that everybody had gone or was going but himelf and his mamma, so it was no wonder he wanted to go. So he took his big straw hat from the nail, felt in his pocket to see if he had the 5 cents his uncle had given him, and hurried down the street. On and on he trudged, and yet he seemed

to get no nearer to the fair. So when he saw a large boy he went straight up to him and inquired, "Won't you tole me where's the world's fair?" "Why, certainly," the boy answered, with a laugh. "You're standing right in front of it; see?" and he pointed to a tall building that had pictures on the front of it.

Of course, that must be it. Wimbletot

and handed him the 5 cents. "Well, we generally charge a dime, little fellow," the man said, "but seeing that you're such a small customer, we'll let you be the number of folks he expected to meet, and there was nothing to look at but queer people on high stands. Then where were Mrs. Morris and Johnny?

"Ain't Miters Morris here?" he asked girl whose hair stuck out all over her head.
"Did she say she was coming?" asked the
girl, looking interested. "Oh! yes, and lots of people in our street's coming—that's why I did—only mamma, she stays home."

The Albino wondered if they were really going to have a crowd at last.

Wimbletot had been gazing curiously at the girl. At last he said, "Won't your movver comb your hair?"

"My hair is combed," she replied, with dignity. Next he came to the bearded lady, and asked, anxiously, "Is you a papa-mamma?" She smiled at the little questioner, and "I did," said George.

"You! Why, how could you kill it?" said his mother.

Then George told her all about it.
At first his mother was angry. Then she said: "I would rather lose the colt than have my boy tell a story."

She smiled at the little questioner, and wanted to take him in her arms. But that frightened him, and he ran away from her. Wimbletot soon grew tired, so he started to go home. When he got outside he didn't know which way to turn. It was beginning to grow dark, and what was he going to do? Oh, how he wished he had story." do? Oh, how he wished he had stayed away from the world's fair. Presently he saw a familiar form, and there was actually his own papa coming along the street! Wimbletot was soon in his arms, telling the as-tonished man that he had been to the world's fair, but didn't like it at all.

Mr. Wimble explained that he couldn't

have been there, as the fair was a long distance off, and he told the little boy how naughty it was for him to go away without his mamma knowing it.

"I won't never want to do it again, anyhow," he sobbed on his papa's shoulder, "'cause I was frightened at the papa-mamma, and the girl with mussed hair was cross, and anything might happen to a little how whose dear movver isn' wire him. boy whose dear movver isn' wiv him. And I don't want to go to a far-off world's fair when I got so tired to this one."

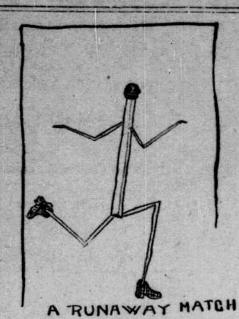
Our Bird Friends.

All farmers should be friends of the birds. Their ministrations are before his eyes every day. Not long ago I was sitting in my orchard when I noticed a little sparrow light at the root of an apple tree. The tree had been set out this year and was not very thrifty. In a moment the bird was circling around the stem of the tree and peering among the leaves on the short branches. It seized a worm and dropped to the ground. It killed the worm, swallowed it, then fitted back into the tree. At once it discovered a second worm and again lighted upon the ground to devour it. The process was gone through a third time and a third worm was through a third time and a third worm was devoured. When the bird flitted back into the tree the fourth time it found no worm and soon flew away. Then I examined the tree, I found that worms had been devouring its leaves. But for the little sparrow they might fianlly have killed the tree. A number of times this spring I have noticed wrens about my own and my neighbor's barns carrying worms in their bills. They had nests hidden away and were carrying food to their young. The number of noxious worms and bugs that one of these birds destroys during a season would astonish us if we knew. Yet, there are farmers who permit their boys to stone these birds, and sometimes slaughter them with guns. That any one can be so ungrateful, so unmindful any one can be so ungrateful, so unmindful of his own interests, and so savage, seems strange, indeed.—T. C. Karns, Powell sta-

### Rattle Snakes. Whenever you find one of our ever-cheer-

ful rattlers giving forth its music, and telling you to watch out, there you will find the purest water, the freshest air and the highest, dryest land. As long as you live in a country where you have to kick a rattler off your doorstep every now and then you needn't be afraid of chills and fever sneaking across your threshold.

"Instead of a locality being shunned because rattlesnakes abound therein it should be just the one for people to seek."



The Little White Sister.

Edith Dillingham. It was early spring, and up through fresh, ender grass, lifting itself up higher and higher toward the bright, blue sky, appeared a "Little White Sister." People generally called her the "Wild Strawberry." but not so the clover and daisles.

As the days grew warmer she, at the sun's

As the days grew warmer she, at the sun's bidding threw off her green winter wrappings and appeared in her white, spotless garment. When people passing her and others like her said, "What a quantity of strawberries we shall have this year," the sisters looked at one another in wonder.

But still the sun shone and the breezes blew, while happy were the "Little White Sister's" childish days. One night she fell asleep and siept for fourteen whole days and nights. On the fifteeenth, when she awoke, she found, to her surprise that she

and nights. On the fifteeenth, when she awoke, she found, to her surprise that she was all clad in red.

She was greatly frightened, and asked the ant, mosquito, cricket, spider and the toad what was the matter with her, but each had its own troubles and perplexities to think of, and passed her indifferently by. But the white daisy said:

"Why, little sister mine, do you not know the story of your ancestors? A long time ago Dame Nature told the 'flower tribe' in a certain field that she would reward the one who behaved the best during the year by changing him into a strawberry.

"Now, it was a great honor to be a strawberry and of some use in the world, and they all tried hard to be good. It was one of your ancestors who won the prize. So, little Miss Rosiness, that is why you are changed."

changed."

It was not long ago as I wandered down to that green spot I saw little Miss Rosiness, round and plump, with laughing mouth and rosy cheeks. Around her sat, in silent admiration, the bumblebee, ant and incomplete the cricket, spider and toad, while

silent admiration, the bumblebee, ant and mosquito, the cricket, spider and toad, while from her airy height, the sweet daisy said:
"Dear Little Miss Rosiness, thou hast indeed a treasure. Guard it well and do not give it up until the right one comes."
"Ay, ay, until the right one comes." answered the laughing berry, while still the sun shone and the breezes blew.

A Dream of the Sea.

I dreamt I woke up in the rosy morn, Thinking of the many people forlorn, If many lay dreaming in silence deep, And if they, like our dead, lay fast asleep.

deep! While above, through the water, the fishes lear The waves rolled upon the slivery shore, I asked my questions o'er and o'er.
"Ha! Ha!" said the waves as they rippled to made "It's nothing at all but a dream of the sea."

MABLE WINSLOW,

In ourselves the sunshine dwells



DROP LETTER.
G-d s- -d- -h, a-n -iv-t-, b- -h- -h- m- -t- -n- -t- --C. C. BEHEADINGS.

> WORD SOUARE. 1. A throw. 2. At a great distance. 4. The largest of the vegetable kind.

ENIGMA.

My first is in boy, but not in girl.

My second is in all, but not in everything.

My third is in laugh, but not in cry.

My fourth is in toy, and also in plaything.

My fifth is in rice, but not in wheat.

My sixth is in more, but not in less.

My seventh is in on. but not in under.

My eighth is in trouble, but not in joy.

My ninth is in percentage, and also in rate.

My whole is a city in a nearby state.

—R.

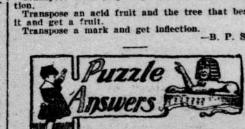
TRANSPOSITIONS.

Transpose an excuse and get a bound.

Transpose a cover and get intellectual.

Transpose the little wheel of a spur and get to threaten.

Transpose something very small and get repetition.



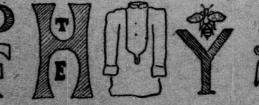
BEHEADINGS. Wear-ear. Dye-ye. La CHARADES.

SQUARES. REBUS EXALT ULTRA STEAD ZONE

-Catherine M. Cavanaugh, age 13 TRANSPOSED REBUS A bird in he hand is worth two in th

AARON





Oh, beautiful, boundless, shining sea, When shall thy treasures be known to me? Really, last night, when I went to bed, "You shall dream a dream of the sea," thing said. Are there riches, and mines of silver and gold Greater, far greater, than men shall behold? Are there emeralds and rubles in the sand bu

From ourselves the music swells; By ourselves our life is fed With sweet or bitter daily bread